

**Master Negative
Storage Number**

OCI00037.25

Here and there

West-Smithfield
[London]

[18--]

Reel: 37 Title: 25

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**RLG GREAT COLLECTIONS
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JOHN G. WHITE CHAPBOOK COLLECTION**

Master Negative Storage Number: OC100037.25

Control Number: BDC-4790

OCLC Number : 11856669

Call Number : W PN970.E5 HEREx

Title : Here and there, or, This world and the next : being
suitable thoughts for the New Year.

Imprint : West-Smithfield [London] : Sold by J. Evans ; London :
[Sold by] J. Hatchard ; Bath : [Sold by] S. Hazard, [18--

Format : 6 p. ; 18 cm.

Note : Cover title.

Note : "[Entered at Stationers Hall.]"

Note : Title vignette.

Subject : Chapbooks, English.

Added Entry : Evans, John, 1753-1820.

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On behalf of the
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Film Size: 35mm microfilm

Image Placement: IIB

Reduction Ratio: 8:1

Date filming began: 8/30/91

Camera Operator: AR

CHEAP REPOSITORY.

HERE AND THERE;

OR,

THIS WORLD AND THE NEXT.

BEING SUITABLE THOUGHTS FOR THE NEW YEAR.



SOLD BY J. EVANS, AND CO.

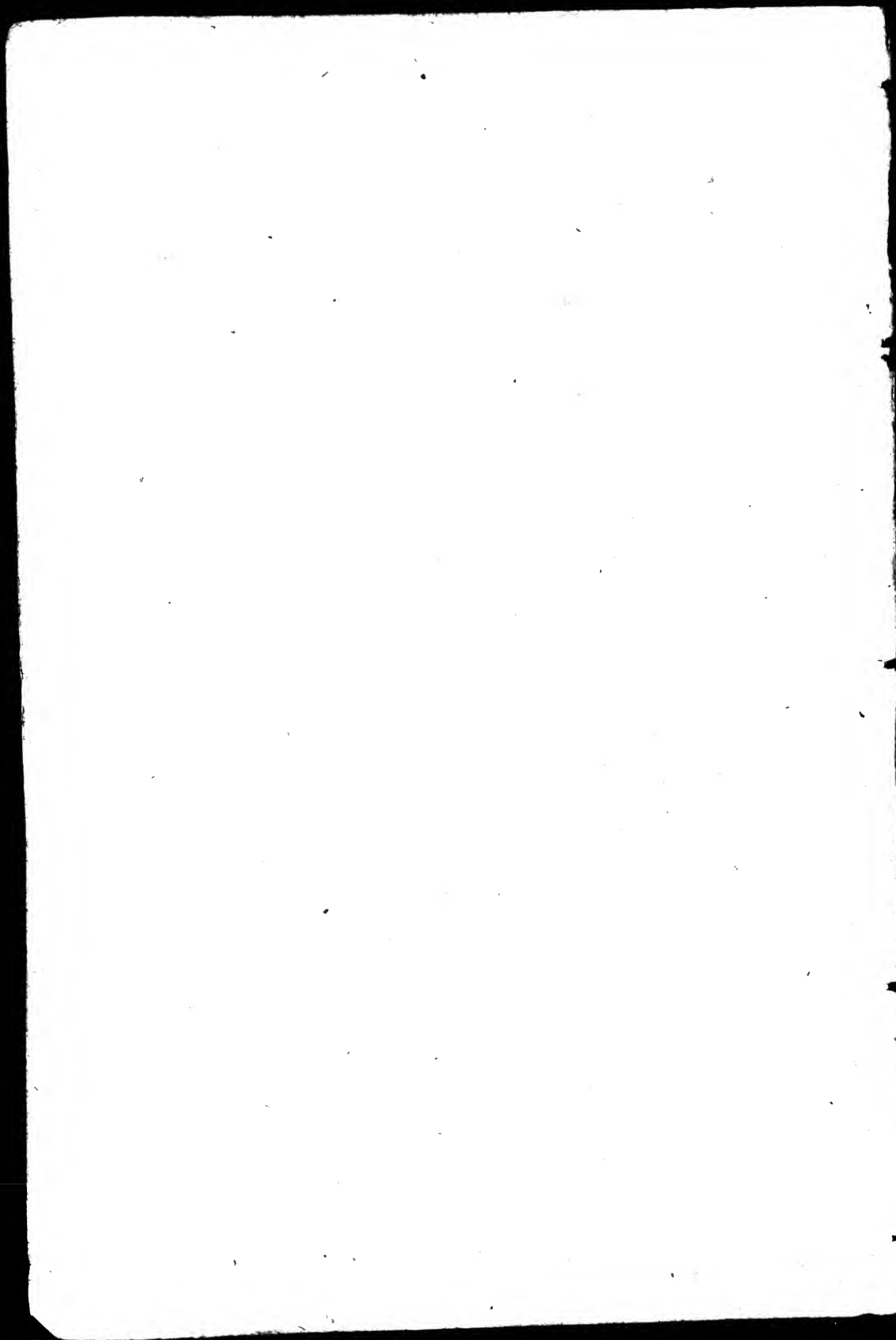
(Printers to the Cheap Repository for Moral and Religious Tracts,
No. 41 and 42, Long Lane, West Smithfield;

And J. HATCHARD, No. 173, Piccadilly, London. By S. HAZARD,
Bath; and by all Booksellers, Newsmen, and Hawkers in Town
and Country.

*** Great Allowance will be made to Shopkeepers and Hawkers.
PRICE AN HALFPENNY,

Or 2s. 3d. per 100.---1s. 6d. for 50.---9d. for 25.

[Entered at Stationers Hall.]



White PN 970 - E5 HERE

HERE AND THERE;

OR,

THIS WORLD AND THE NEXT.

DEC 31 1925

HERE bliss is short, imperfect, insincere,

But total, absolute, and perfect *there*.

Here time's a moment, short our happiest state,

There infinite duration is our date.

Here Satan tempts, and troubles ev'n the best,

There Satan's power extends not to the blest.

In a weak sinful body *here* I dwell,

But *there* I drop this frail and sickly shell.

Here my best thoughts are stain'd with guilt and
fear,

But love and pardon shall be perfect *there*.

Here my best duties are defil'd with sin,

There all is ease without and peace within.

Here feeble faith supplies my only light,

There faith and hope are swallow'd up in sight.

Here love of self my fairest works destroys,

There love of God shall perfect all my joys.

Here things, as in a glass, are darkly shown,

There I shall know as clearly as I'm known.

Frail are the fairest flowers which bloom below,

There freshest palms on roots immortal grow.

Here wants or cares perplex my anxious mind,

But spirits *there* a calm fruition find.

Here disappointments my best schemes destroy,

There those that sow'd in tears shall reap in joy.

Here vanity is stamp'd on all below,
 Perfection *there* on every good shall grow.
Here my fond heart is fasten'd on some friend,
 Whose kindness *may*, whose life *must* have an
 end;

But *there* no failure can I ever prove,
 God cannot disappoint, for God is love.

Here Christ for sinners suffer'd, groan'd, and
 bled,

But *there* he reigns the great triumphant head:

Here, mock'd and scourg'd, he wore a crown of
 thorns,

A crown of glory *there* his brow adorns.

Here error clouds the will, and dims the sight,

There all is knowledge, purity, and light.

Here so imperfect is this mortal state,

If blest myself I mourn some other's fate,

At every human woe I *here* repine,

The joy of every saint shall *there* be mine.

Here if I lean the world shall pierce my heart,

But *there* that broken reed and I shall part.

Here on no promis'd good can I depend,

But *there* the Rock of Ages is my friend.

Here if some sudden joy delight inspire,

The dread to lose it damps the rising fire ;

But *there* whatever good the soul employ.

The thought that 'tis *eternal* crowns the joy.

Z.

FINIS.